

## Say What?

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# Say What?

by [TrulyForgiven](#)

## Summary

Ed's just trying to play pool when you've got completely separate ideas in mind.

There's no smut here (unless someone asks for it later...)

## Notes

Yes, you read the tags correctly. This was inspired by a silly image on Pinterest that made me IMMEDIATELY think about Ed. Laugh it up... ALSO, I've never played any sort of game that falls under the category of Billiards so, just note that.

“Ed.”

This was the third time in an hour you had bothered him. In the *singular* hour in the hangout at your place that you barely got him to agree to.

“What?”

“How good would you say you are with Billiards?”

You could hear the sigh before it even came out of his mouth. He turned to finally look at you, “Honestly, Depends. 8-ball, 9-ball— that distinction matters,” he paused before he raised an eyebrow, “If you’re asking, then I’m pretty sure you aren’t up to any good.”

“No, no— I’m just asking!” You insist, before immediately dropping the act, “What if I take you out to play...? It’ll be my treat?”

“Or trick.”

Ouch. He caught you there.

“So, are you saying no?” You asked. You cranked up the pathetic look on your face— that’ll definitely get him to accept!

He was stone-faced for about two seconds before he snickered, “Alright, since you wanna lose so bad. We’ll go on your dime— as you promised,” He rose from his seat from the corner of the room then nodded towards the door, “Chop, chop. Don’t got all day.”

You were out the door before he could even finish another thought. You roamed Metro City with Ed for a bit, silently researching on your phone, looking for a place that had a pool table in-house and ready to use.

The closest place that you could find with a pool table was a bar that you definitely wouldn’t go on a typical day, nor would you go by yourself. But, since you managed to recruit Ed for your *mission*, you put aside any suspicions you had.

Truth be told, you didn’t quite care about the billiards, you just wanted to admire him. Seeing him adjust a cue... definitely something out of your greatest imagination that you were about to make a reality.

Downsides were that you had to pay for all of this and then actually try so he wouldn’t get suspicious, or at least not suspicious too fast. The easier of the two? Surprisingly, it was paying for it. Eight dollars for the hour.

An hour to watch and definitely not learn.

You were probably standing there, staring off into space while scheming before Ed called your name, “We’ll start off with 8-ball, if that’s fine with you.”

“More than fine!”

“...*Right.*”

Setting up the table took no time at all. Next thing you know, you were watching him start the match, since you were insistent that he’d do the break.

You watched, with an almost uncanny interest, as he leaned over the table and lined up his cue with the cue ball before he took the shot. Now, you weren’t an expert, but you were *mostly* sure it was a pretty solid shot. He sunk a couple of balls, but not the desired 8-ball, much to your relief.

Since he had a successful start, he took another turn, per the rules. Hey, no complaints from your end, more time to admire.

The match continued smoothly, though, you weren’t doing the best job at playing. Did he notice? Most definitely. Did he care? Probably not. At least he didn’t notice the eyes staring dents into the back of his head when he took his turn.

Eventually, the apparent silence between the two of you began to peeve you, “You seem focused, Ed.”

“Thanks, *captain obvious.*”

“Ouch— you love the game more than conversation with me?”

“That’s a pretty easy decision,” he snickered, taking his shot before turning to look at you, “And you apparently like staring more than actually playing the game right.”

He noticed, but he seemed to care more about teasing you for it.

“Hey, I guess both our heads are in our own games?” You shrugged in response.

“What the hell kinda game are you playing then if it ain’t the same one as me?”

“Doesn’t matter,” You, again, shrugged off his response as you turned to resume the game. You were really starting to confuse him, it was all written over his face.

The hour passed by without any other mention of your staring, even though it was obvious it was getting to him. You played a couple of games, though you were losing, and quite horribly, each and every time. After your final loss, since the hour was nearing its end, Ed finally spoke again, “How’re feeling about those loses, huh? Taking it in stride or are you gonna be a sore loser about it?”

The idea of losing didn’t bother you, though, the words came out of your mouth before you even registered it, “I’d rather take that dick.”

That immediately made him freeze up. He wasn’t known to be caught off guard easily, but that seemingly made him pause briefly, “*What?*”

“Hm, what did I say?”

“You know *exactly* what you said.”

“Okay, so are you going to, like, actually give me an answer to the statement?”

The two of you stared at each other for a good, long minute before he started laughing, “You serious?”

“Very, you know what all that adjusting and holding a pool cue does to me?”

“Prove you’re weird.”

“Maybe, but that’s not the point Ed. I spent eight dollars to get to admire you for the hour, what’s the price to stop window-shopping, even for a bit?” You asked as you leaned into his personal space, “Please?”

God, you were *genuinely* going to kill him one day with that look of yours.

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